

## Sequachee Valley News.

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EVERY THURSDAY.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1908

### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce F. A. KIRK as a candidate for re-election to the office of Trustee of Marion County, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. WESTMORELAND as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Marion County, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce J. A. JACKSON as a candidate for Sheriff of Marion County, subject to the action of the Republican party.

### OWL HOLLOW.

Special to the News.

Hard times and worse coming is the order of the day. Only living three days a week and scant at that. Hope for better in the future as this is Easter and there is lots of fruit yet. All are trying to raise some potatoes and garden stuff which will be good for the cravings of the stomach. The worst danger is that of getting fondered when it develops as they are used to but little.

I am in bad shape to write today as my head is out of balance. I was in the town of Whitwell a day or two ago and took a fancy to a little black-eyed lady that had a fine head of pretty black hair. I was informed that she was a widow, but I fooled around and let her get away and don't know where to look for her. If anyone sees her and knows her from the description, please let me know, for I have fallen deeply in love with her, and if I could find her and tell her my troubles she might take a liking to me and there would be two of us pleased. So if you see her tell her to phone at once to Owl Hollow.

I know there is some of the greenest sparkling done around here that ever was done anywhere abouts. The only way you can tell that they are sparkling is their leaning up to each other like sick kittens to hot rocks. They will sit on the porch or door steps for hours and try their fortunes by what they call calling a kerchief taking the four corners together and letting the other pull, and if it comes out the long way all is lovely but if the short way, not so good. If you will watch them you can easily tell whether they are really in love or not by their looking at each other. Their color will come and go, and their lips quiver and their voices change, and if they are up in this condition until after dark you can hear them making a noise like nice fighting. Guess this is done by two pairs of lips rubbing together. Now, this is what is called sparkling. If so, how do they know when they are ready to get married, for they don't speak to each other. All you can hear is the squeaking and a deep sigh or a long breath and a look of sorrow.

Well as the tick inspector is around condemning a few of the poor men's cattle somebody is hot. Isn't this a strange thing, that all of the cattle condemned belong to the poor class? It is only working out what the law was enacted for, to make a few of the poor. And it is a forceful thing that make officers of cold-hearted men, that would not care to take the living of the least. There is a woman here that has a little heifer that she wanted to keep to make a cow for her little ones, and has kept close after her, and in spite of all she has now to keep her up, as the summer ticks have got on her. Now, as there has been a great effort made and lots done to get the poor people's cattle, I want to make some suggestions to satisfy myself and others. Let me buy a yearling and put it in a stable or lot, and then let the tick inspector bring this bottle or box of ticks and empty the contents on it, and I will not take one of them out and keep same up until it dies or until he says turn it out, and if these ticks kill it I will pay him \$50 and if it lives it will be mine. Would not this be a fair test? No, you see what this is all done for, to get the poor man's cow. All the cattle that have been condemned are poor people's cattle.

There is another home in our settlement that the angels of heaven have visited. They took from the residence of old Uncle Tom Floyd, his dear wife and companion who had walked side by side with him for more than fifty years and comforted him in all of their struggles for a living. We would say weep not, Uncle Tom and troubled children. Your loss has been great gain. She has only gone to await your coming where all will be peace and happiness through the ceaseless ages of eternity. Weep not, friends, for Aunt Tilda has only gone on before over on the other shore to greet those that have gone before, and to await the coming of kindred and a host of friends. Her death occurred about seven o'clock on the 19th of April at her home on the waters of Pocket Creek, where they raised their family of whom most all were settled around them.

Ye writer is going to Whitwell again this evening to see about that widow that he is so deeply in love with. Dock Green's wife is not well but is better than a few days back. Hope she will be up in a few days.

J. D. Green and Mark Young are out today with a few little boys in search of star root.

W. M. Spears has a case of measles in his family.

G. W. Slatton is planting potatoes today for Sam Slatton.

Jeff Redman will soon change his work as the new man will soon be complete and the old one stopped.

Ed Redman is still driving a mule for the staff of life.

Sam Grimes was at the corral with his cow this morning.

"Crit," you spoke as if you were surprised at "Uncle Gid's" doings. I never looked for anything better of

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him as he is so rattled over the few little foxes that are around in the cities. He will get better after a bit. Then he will stay better, as he will have to.

I am sorry that the writers of Oak Grove have quit. Third District man, you had better get out and consult a few of your most influential men so as to construct a few plans for the better, as Mr. Capitalist does at his job.

Met Farrel Tate at Tom Floyd's Sunday evening and was glad to have a talk with him, as he is an old friend of long acquaintance.

Sam Slatton is working in the bark for A. W. Jacob, near Condra's Switch.

Whitling Bill.

Special to the News.

Mrs. Tom Floyd died here and was buried Tuesday. She was 75 years, two months and eleven days old. Weep not, dear ones for mother is at rest.

A large crowd went to the church Sunday night but got disappointed for there were no services.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Child's baby was buried here Sunday.

A number called at Bill Griffith's Sunday night to hear the graphophone. They were Mr. and Mrs. John Pickett, Mr. and Mrs. Ed McIntyre, Joe Griffith, Sam Kilgore, John Griffith, Jack Smith, Virgie Rogers, Maud Smith, Lual Griffith, Flora and Kate Smith.

All reported an enjoyable time.

Jack Smith and John Griffith took a flying trip to Sequachee Sunday morning.

Virgie Rogers and Maud Smith are thinking of going to Chattanooga before long.

Miss Irene Doyle, of Chattanooga, visited her sister from Saturday until Monday morning, returning to her work in Chattanooga Monday.

Hello, Dunlap writers. Come on and tell us all the news from up there, for I know you all well.

Flora and Kate Smith are visiting their uncle and aunt at Ladd's.

Bud Smith and Sam Smith have returned to Roope after spending a few days at home.

Grace Bailey called on Maud Smith Monday afternoon.

Miss Virgie Rogers went to Victoria Monday.

Wesley Hix and best girl were out driving Sunday afternoon.

The pupils of the public school went to the mountain Thursday of last week and had a nice time.

Everybody seems to have a very nice garden and every thing is looking green.

Bill Mosier has moved back to this place from Altoona, Ala.

A number from this place will take in the May festival May 1.

A certain girl said she would like to see Miss Lena and Effie Brewer of Dunlap; also Misses Hannah and Senda Degnan and Susan Myers. A certain girl said she would like to see Jack Smith, of Roope.

Come on, all you Dunlap, Whitwell, Altoona and Roope writers.

Honeycomb.

Victoria.

Special to the News.

Miss Nina Randle spent Sunday here the guest of Miss Emma Fagg.

Miss Kate Doss, who has been visiting in So. Pittsburg, for some time, has returned home.

A party of young folks composed of Misses Eunice Hutton and Maud Friend and Icy Doss and Milt Hutton were out walking Sunday evening.

Chas. Randle, of Sequachee, was here Sunday.

Mr. R. A. Doss spent Monday night in Dunlap.

A party of young folks went fishing Tuesday and all had a delightful time. They were Myrtle Brophy, Eddie Brophy, Eunice Hutton, Emma Fagg, Annie Fagg, Maud Friend, Icy Doss, Milt Hutton, Homer Hutton, Herbert Friend. They were chaperoned by C. W. Friend.

Alvin Spears went to Chattanooga Friday and returned Wednesday.

Miss Jennie Harris closed her school here Friday.

Misses Emma and Annie Fagg spent Monday and Tuesday in Sequachee, the guests of the Randle family.

Misses Eunice Hutton and Maud Friend spent Friday and Saturday in Whitwell, the guests of Miss Annie Rogers.

Snowball.

Delegates Instructed.

WHITWELL, Tenn., April 20.—The Republicans of this place in District convention assembled at the Red Men's Hall at 7 o'clock Saturday night, elected J. J. Dykes, chairman and W. E. McCarry, secretary, and appointed delegates to the County Convention.

These were Wm. Cantrell, J. W. Morrison, W. E. McCarry, Dan Kilgore, James Quarles, Jack Holloway, Mack Tate, James Bogle, J. T. H. Davis, Albert Garner, James Young and Tom Snow. Alex Vanhoosier and Reuben Floyd were appointed to cast a fractional vote.

These delegates were all instructed to cast their vote as a unit for F. A. Kelly for trustee and John K. Tate for tax assessor. 11 24-25 of the delegates were instructed to cast their vote for H. M. Westmoreland for sheriff, and 1 1-25 for Abe Jackson.

The meeting was very orderly, no strong contention or ill feeling at all seemed to exist. Practically every person present signified his intention to vote for the man for sheriff that received the nomination, whether his choice for the nominee or not.

The meeting adjourned in thirty minutes after it was called to order.

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### Easter.

(Published by Request).

After the blight of winter,

Its frost and its biting cold,

To greet the violet's incense

And watch the lily unfold.

To hear in the budding branches

The twitter of nestling birds,

And feel in the heart long saddened,

A gladness too deep for words.

This is the Easter message,

As if God said, I will give them

Each year a wonderful sign.

That earth in her resurrection,

May say to the hearts of men,

"After the grave's dark shadows,

Ye, too, shall bloom again."

Christ is risen Oh, listen!

The sound of Easter bells

Christ is risen! the music,

Rises, and deepens and swells

Till earth breaks out into music.

And the air is stirred with wings,

As if the angels were singing.

To hear what the glad world sings.

### TALE-TATTLING.

Editor News: I will say a few

words as to what I think of a tale-

tattler, and that is all this old moun-

tain is fit for. You can't go to a

neighbor's house but what you can

hear of something somebody has said

about you. If you go to sit up with

the sick somebody will tell a lie on you

before you can get back. I will tell

you just what I think of people who

tell lies. I think people that are al-

ways going around telling everything

they hear, are worse than an open-

handed rogue and many of the people

of Etna Drum don't do anything but

go from house to house and hear all

they can, and then go from the Drum

to the mines and then from the mines

to Whiteside and make it bigger at ev-

ery house. They tell everyone not to

say anything about what they have

told them so they can tell it again.

They will even send off and make pur-

chases and then deny having made

this, but if I thought necessary I

could, but one who is the worst to

do these things lives right on top

near the Drum. I stay at home and

attend to my own business, and would

thank everyone else to do the same.

Now, if anyone wants to know what

I have got to say about these people

out here, just call at my house and I

can say plenty. I can say more than I

can write.

ARTHUR NEWSOME,

Etna Drum.

### Killed in Mines.

In the early hours of Tuesday morn-

ing the people in the valley at Orme

were startled by the report of the death

of Oscar Love. He was killed in the

mines, it is supposed about three o'-

clock. On leaving to go to work he

told his wife he would come down to

the depot for some express before he

returned in the evening. Sometime

between 9 and 10 o'clock at night he

had not returned and his wife becom-

ing alarmed, notified her neighbors,

who set out to look for him, and on

starting to the foot of the mountain,

changed their minds and went to his

place in the mines and soon discovered

a fall of slate in his place, and on ex-

amining, found out that he was buried

beneath. Some of the miners working

near him had gone to his place and

saw the rock down between three and

four o'clock, but supposed he had gone

home. He was covered up at that time.

Several reports have been started but

these seem to be the facts about the

case. Bro. Love was well known

around these parts. He was a Red

Man and an Odd Fellow. His parents

reside at South Pittsburg, and were

notified sometime the following night

and father and mother and brothers

arrived early Wednesday morning, and

arrangements were made to take his

remains to Mt. Pleasant for interment.

They left here shortly after eleven o'-

clock. A committee of three from

each Lodge acted as pall bearers. Those

of the Red Men were Jack Tillie, Geo.

Jackson and Jim Carter, and the Odd

Fellows were Sam Collins, Jack Rol-

lins, Mansel Smith.

His wife was unable to travel on ac-

count of their baby which is only nine

days old. He will be greatly missed

amongst his fellowmen as he always

tried to do his best in his duties and

tried to uphold them. We can only

extend our sympathies towards his be-

loved parents and family and hope

they will be comforted in their hours

of sadness.

"I left my home in perfect health,

I little thought of death so nigh;

But God thought fit to call me hence,

And with His will I must comply.

Farewell, my wife, most dear,

I am at rest, you need not fear;

No anxious sorrow need you take,

But love my children for my sake."

—BORROWING RED MAN.

Orme, Tenn.

### Third District

Special to the News.

Tomorrow is the day set apart for the tick inspector to call around. Ye writer has asked the head frogman of this tick business for a corral for the convenience of the people as we have the number required by the law to entitle us to the lot, but just what the authorities will do we don't know.

The tick doctor said to Mr. Rogers he couldn't take his cattle out of pasture to water without a permit from Dr. Noyes. If that be so Mr. Rogers and a number of others will have to take their teams and haul water to said stock. Is this not pretty tough on the poor man that owns the cattle, the land, the water, and yet he is told that he cannot cross the branch to water his cattle?

Now, I want to say right here that I am not fighting Dr. Noyes, John Presnell or Francis McCullough, or any other official of tick or quarantine law, but respect them in the highest degree, but tick and quarantine laws of Marion county are what I fight. Neither am I fighting the commissioner of the registration law, but the law itself. I say it is unconstitutional and ought to be repealed at the hands of the people. The same as to the game and dog laws. We don't need them in our business. I am for the above named laws being referred to the ballot box and let the people exercise their elective franchise and not steal away the rights that ought to be left and delegated to the good honest tax payers of the county to say what shall be and what shall not be. I say the time has now come to a show down, people, if you ever expect to accomplish anything pertaining to your future welfare and that of wife and little, half-fed, half-clothed children. Now is the time for your little ball of rags to step to the front and take a seat by your uncle "Representative," and let us wind up this infernal class legislation for a few office holders to enrich themselves and families and impoverish the poor and deprive them of their elective franchise and all rights and privileges that ought to belong to the people, but, thank the Lord, voters, you can control your birth right if you will only exercise common horse-sense and look before you leap, and be sure that you have centered on the right man, and a man you know has labored and knows just what the poor laboring class of people of the county want and just what kind of laws it takes to be enacted to apply to the whole people alike, and not class legislation enacted to only pay to a few to better their own condition and that of their families, and leave your wife and little starved, ragged children out in this cold, lonesome world to suffer without being represented or protected.

Now, "Whitling Bill" and "Hard-scrabble," if you are for "Representative," to become a candidate for representative, and if you think I am built of the right kind of material and am all together for the poor class of people of my country just step forward and shake hands with a real, true friend to you, one and all. Beware of false prophets. They will come and get you many flowery tales, and yet the first chance they get at you they will try to have the \$30 exemption law repealed on poor wage-earners, and not allow him anything on each month's wages but what must be subject to seizure, levy or attachment. And yet the same law allows the farmer with his little country home of \$1000 of real estate and about \$500 worth of personal property, yet this same party can go to town where his brother laborer works and make all the debts he wishes and yet you can't touch his property. The law says that is exempt to him, and to his brother working in the mines at Whitwell the representatives tried to make the law speak out and say—"You damned laboring class of men, you are not worthy of any of the exemption laws of Tennessee and you are nothing more than a darkey was during slave times in the dark days of '61. So I most respectfully ask the legislature of Tennessee to repeal this \$30 per month exemption law off the wage earner and place him under the same law as the rest of the people. Let him vote for me I got to studying about what a few merchants asked me to do while at the bar of justice and I promised them as sure as a gun is made of iron that I would get that law repealed so they could collect a balance due them when a poor miner had happened to many misfortunes and perhaps couldn't feed himself and wife and children, yet they asked at the hand of the legislature, by and through her representative to be sure and wipe them out and not allow them anything. No! not one dollar. Yes, so we can garnish them to death, and let brother Bill over in the country keep his \$1,500, but don't bother him. Shoo fly! But you must not forget when you get down to Nashville when the legislature meets, you know what you promised us. We don't want Bill's brother, who is a miner, to have a damned dollar exempted on any month's wages, but just let her fly.

Now, readers one and all, if you wish to protect yourself and family now is the time to do so. Head off the men that have just such laws enacted and the law will soon repeal itself. If you want a man like your uncle "Representative," to represent you, and one that God in heaven knows is for you, don't be mealy-mouthed about it. Just come right out and say so. Then I will know whereof I speak, and will be your candidate, and not my own, but whatever is your choice and the will of the people will be mine; but what over choice and selection you make, remember I will be with you even unto the end.

I guess this will land in the good editor's waste basket, but I will now pass on to another subject anyway.

We read D. T. Thach's letter in the News. Dan, that was sure up to date. Please come again. Glad you see your own and your neighbor's interest.

John Presnell, tick doctor, took dinner with his old friend, W. H. White, last week, and enjoyed a fish feast. He left saying he would call again.